## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SYDNEY SMITH. A MEMOIR OF THE REVEREND SYDNEY STAITH. By
His Daughter, Lady Hottland, With a Schetton
from his Lener, edited by Mrs. Austin. 2 vols., 12mo.
Harper & Brethers.
A brave, robust, impatuous emplodiment of

honest English blood-s keen-sir nted observer and judge of all musdane affairs -a consummate master of the application of derision and irony to the demolition of an opponent-a disputant formidable for the sharp ard rapid thrusts with which he pierced the heart of a fallscy or an abuse-a man of broad, homely, common sense, whose intellect was a's remarkable for its equipoise as for its brilliancy-with an inveterate habit of looking at the comic aspect of thingsbut always preserving justness of thought amid his conversational paradoxes-Sydney Smith held a central piace in the political and intellectual movement, which, dating from the commencement of the present century, has not yet exhausted its influence on the fortunes of civilized society. In connection with The Edinburgh Review, of which he seems to have been the original projector, he was known far and wide as one of the brightest islustrations of a new order of periodical literature. Averse by natural tastes to purely abstract speculation, and with teo positive a tura of mind for mere questions of literary curiosity, he devoted himself less to the criticism of books toan of public affairs-was less fond of discussing opinions than of commenting on measures. Within a certain limited range, he was a sturdy advocate of social reforms-was always fearless in the expression of his convictions-took counsel seldom with personal interests, and never with fashionable er efficial prestige-preferred his mental freedom to a bishoprick, though warmly attached to the Church, and hating Dissenters as bitterly as To les-end if without faith in an ideal state of bumsn society, always strenuous in his devotion to liberal politics. Few public abuses of the day escaped his notice. He fought against them with the fiery vehemence of his scathing pen. Equally purgent in raillery and powerful in argument, he first exposed the hollowness of their pretensions, and then held them up to publie ridicule and scorn. His arguments were pointed with bon-mots. Often a single phrase did fatal execution. Among the writers of the Whig party not in the front ranks of actual political conflict, few surpassed him in energy of expression-none in barbed and stinging wit.

Such was Sydney Smith in his most prominent relations before the public. But as presented in these charming volumes, he was no less remarkable in private and social life. Here the terrible castigator of political corruption is transformed into the companion of "infinite jest and most excellent fancy." Combining a singularly masculine temperament with soft and gentle affections, he was the object of enthusiastic regard, little short of idolatry, with a devoted demestic circle. His scorching wit, which burned with indignant glows at the sight of Tory mismanagement, became lambent and innocuous in the presence of his friends. His exuberent gayety was tempered with an almost childlike delight in the most simple social pleasures. Every one feared him in public as a disputant-none knew him in private but loved him as a man.

The work now issued comprises an inartificial memoir of Sydney Smith, giving a brief and unpretending narrative of his life, but liberally spiced with specimens of his good sayings, and a limited selection from his correspondence, consisting almost entirely of letters written in the abandon of friendship to a few of his intimate associates. His letters to Jeffrey fill a large pertion of the volume. They are perfeetly spentaneous, natural as the most genial talk, plain and direct to the purpose, with not the slightest attempt at wit or originality of expression, though pervaded by a lurking humor, and models of graceful and idiomatic

French emigrant, who was driven over to England by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The native gravity of the Saxon race was evidently enlivened in this case by a happy admixture of Gallic vivacity. His father was an odd stick, a humorist on his own account, a great traveler, rich in natural talent, which had been brightened up by a series of strange experiences in life, but apparently not a person who afforded a tempting subject to the pen of his biographic grand-daughter. Sydney was born at Woodford, in Essex, in the year 1771. He was the second of four brothers and one sister, all possessing more than common mental endowments With his elder brother Robert, who gained the nick name of Bobus at Eton, and it stuck to him through life, he early engaged in the practice of vehement disputation, arguing on every point that arose, however much above their years, with a warmth and fierceness as if life and death hung upon the issue. The other brothers, as they became old enough, took part in the affray, till the noise and heat became well-nigh intolerable. They were like young athletes, constantly waging an intellectual battle with each other, and the resultas Sydney used to say in after-life, was to make them " the most intolerable and overbearing set of boys that can well be imagined, until later they found their level in the world." Sydney, with his youngest brother, Courtney, was sent to Winchester school, where he was almost starved, but in spite of hunger and ill-treatment rose to be the first scholar in the school. While there, the two boys so distanced the other pupils, that they sent in a round robin to the head master, refusing to try for the college prizes if the Smiths were allowed a chance, as it was of no use in contending against them, who always succeeded. In his hours of leisure from making Latin verses and other scholastic absurdities, he invented a battering-ram, which excited the admiration of the unsuspicious master, who little dreamed that it was intended to capture a neighboring turkey, whose well-filled erop had excited an unappeasable desire for roast. meat in the minds of the hungry urchins. From Winchester, Sydney went to Oxford, where he received a fellowship, though his slender income prevented him from consuming the enormous quantity of port wine which was one of the principal duties of this office. On leaving college he wished to engage in the study of law. He had a strong predilection for that profession. But he was overruled by his father, who wishing to save the expense of a legal novitiate, was urgent with his son to enter the Church. By yielding to the paternal influence, he placed himself in a false position for

life, and to use a favorite illustration of his

own, became "a round man in a triangular

bole," With a high sense of honor, and moral

principles and conduct that would have done

religious element seems to have entered into his composition. Scarcely an expression of devout feeling or an allusion to religious truth occurs in his biography, except indeed in some general official way, when he felt himself called on to utter a protest against too rampant an explosion of infidelity on the part of Jeffrey or some other compatriot. Not but that he professed to be a good Christian, and doubtless supposed that he came up to the regular ecclesiastical standard. His first experiment in the Church was as a curate in the midst of Salisbury Plain. With his cast of character, conceive of the famine of the mind that came over him when planted in that great waste of Nature. He fared little better as respects the wants of the body. Meat could be obtained only once a week, and he often dined on a mess of petatoes sprinkled with a little catchup. But good luck was in store for h m in spite of his forlorn condition. The squire of the parish took a fancy to the lively curate, and after two dreary years invited him to take charge of his eldest son, who was to complete his education on the continent. The youthful pair set out for the University of Weimar, but before reaching their destination Germany was disturbed by war, and "in stress of politics they put into Edinburgh," where Sydney remained

This was in 1797. Edinburgh, at that time, con tained several men who became highly distinguished at a subsequent period, Jeffrey, Horner, Playfair, Walter Scott, Dugald Stewart, Brougham, Allen, Brown, Murray, Leyden, Lord Webb Seymour, Lord Woodhouselee, Alison, Sir James Hall, and many others. The little foibles of the Scotch afforded a fund of merriment to the satirical stranger. "It requires," he used to say, "a surgical operation to get a icke well into a Scotch understanding. Their only idea of wit, or rather that inferior variety of this electric talent which prevails occasionally in the North, and which, under the name of wur, is so infinitely distressing to people of good taste, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals. They are so imbued with metaphysics that they even make love metaphysically; I overheard a young lady of my acquaintance, at a dance in Edinburgh, exclaim, in a sudden pause of the music, 'What you say, my Lord, is very true of love in the aibstract, but-' Here the fiddlers began fiddling furiously, and the rest was lost."

The original of the well-known joke about the North Pole dates from about this period, and is too good not to be repeated. "The reigning bore at this time in Edinburgh was ----; his favorite subject, the North Pole. It mattered not how far south you began, you found yourself transported to the North Pole before you could take breath; no one escaped him. My father declared he should invent a slip-button. Jeffrey fled from him as from the plague, when possible; but one day his arch-tormentor met bim in a narrow lane and began instantly on the North Pole. Jeffrey, in despair and out of all patience, darted past him exclaiming 'D- the North Pole!' My father met him shortly after, boiling with indignation at Jeffrey's contempt of the North Pole. 'Oh, my dear fellow,' said my father, 'never mind; no one minds what Jeffrey says, you know; he is a privileged person; he respects nothing, absolutely nothing. Why, you will scarcely believe it, but it is not more than a week ago that I heard him speak disrespectfully of the Equator !"

After residing two years in Edinburgh, the sanguine Sydney returns to England to marry a lady, to whom he had been long engaged. This was Miss Pybus, whom he had known almost from a child. She had a scanty fortune, sufficient, with the sale of a valuable pearl necklace, te set up housekeeping. This was lucky, for Sydney's only contribution toward their future ménage (save his own talents and character) were six small silver teaspoons, which, from much wear, had become the ghosts of their former selves. One day, in the madness of his joy, he came running into the room and flung On his mother's side, Sydney Smith was of these into her lap, saying, "There, Kate, you the daughter of a lucky girl, I give you all my fortune ! "

The first child of the marriage was the author of this biography. She gives a pleasant account of her introduction to the literary world. "As the time approached for the birth of his child, he constantly expressed his wish, first, that it might be a daughter, and, secondly, that she might be born with one eye, that he might never lose her. The daughter came in due time, according to his wish, but unfortunately with two eves; however, in spite of this unpropitious circumstance, she was very graciously received, and the nurse, to her horrer, during five minutes' absence, found he had stolen her from the nursery a few hours after she was born to introduce her in triumph to Jeffrey and the future Edinburgh Reviewers."

About the period in which he was thus engaged he was likewise employed in arranging with Messrs. Jeffrey, Brougham, Murray, and his other friends, the preliminaries of that periodical which, under the name of The Edinburgh Review, has grown into such importance, has produced such useful results, and has bestowed on its chief contributors a European reputation. He must state its origin and results. "Toward the end of my residence in Edinburgh, Brougham, Jeffrey, and myself happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleugh Place, the then elevated residence of Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation; I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the Review. The motto I proposed for the Review was, 'Tenui Musam meditamur avena'- We cuitivate literature on a little oat-meal; but this was too near the truth to be admitted, so we took our present grave motto from Publius Syrus, of whom none of us had, I am sure, read a single line; and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal. When I left Edinburgh it fell into the stronger bands of Lords Jeffrey and Brougham, and reached the highest point of popularity and success." A few months after the birth of his daugh-

ter, he went in the Summer for a short time to Burnt Island, a small sea-bathing place at no great distance from Edinburgh, for the recovery of the mother's health; and here, but for his courage and firmness, he would have lost his long-wished-for daughter in a way he had not at all anticipated. "When only six months old she fell ill of the croup with such fearful violence that it defied all the remedies employed by the best medical man there. The danger increased with every bour. Dr. Hsmilton, then one of the most eminent medical men in Edinburgh, was benor to an ascetic, but a small medicum of the | sent for, could not come, but said: 'Persevere'

in giving two grains of calomel every hour; I never knew it to fail.' It was given for eleven hours: the child grew worse and worse; the medical man in attentance then said: 'I dare give no more; I can do no more; the child must die, but at this age I would not venture to give more to my own child.' 'You,' said my father, can do no more; Hamilton says, Persevere; I will take the responsibility; I will give it to her myself' He gave it, and the child was saved."

Medicine and anatomy had always been favorite pursuits with Sydney, even when at Oxford. where he bestowed so much attention on the study of the former under Sir Christopher Pegge that the professor much wished him to become a physician. Feeling now that such knowledge might be of the greatest use in his future destination, the Church, he pursued it with the more ardor and attended the clinical lectures in the hospitals in Edinburgh, given by Dr. Gregory. He thus obtained a degree of knowledge that enabled him afterward to be of the greatest service to the poor of his parish, wto entirely depended on him for assistance, and to become the favorite doctor of his own family, who rarely summoned any other medical man to their aid. After much deliberation he yielded to the

wishes of his wife, who was ambitious of a more conspicuous sphere for the "idol of her heart," and decided to leave Edinburgh and seek his fortune in London. Here though in limited pecuniary circumstances he contrived to surround himself with the means of great social enjoyment. "All was consistent about him; the comfort and happiness of home he considered the 'grammar of life:' and his house, though plain, often in every sense of the word, was all his life the perfection of comfort. Considering domestic comfort so important he thought no trouble too great, no detail too small, to merit his attention; and though brought up in wealth and luxury, affection soon taught his wife to second him. He never affected to be what he was not; he never concealed the thought, labor, and struggle it often was to him to obtain the simple comforts of life for those he loved; as to its luxuries, he exercised the most rigid self-decial. His favorite mette, which through life he inculcated on his family on such matters was, 'Avoid shame, but do not seek glory-nothing so expensive as glory;' and this he applied to every detail of his establishment. Nothing could be plainer than his table, yet his society often attracted the wealthy to share his single dish. But the pleasantest society at his house was to be found in the little suppers which he established once a week; giving a general invitation to about twenty or thirty persons, who used to come as they pleased; and occasionally adding to and varying them by accidental and invited guests. To these suppers occasionally came a country cousin-a simple, warm-hearted rustic; and she used to come up to him and whisper, 'Now, Sydney, I know these are all very remarkable men; do tell me who they are.' 'Oh, yes,' said Sydney, laughing; 'that is Hannibal,' pointing to Mr. Whishaw; 'he lost his leg in the Carthagenian war; and that is Socrates,' pointing to Luttrell; 'and that is Solon,' pointing to Horner-'you have heard of Solon?' The girl opened her ears, eyes, and mouth with admiration, half doubting, half believing that Sydney was making fun of her; but perfectly convinced that if they were not the individuals in question, they were something quite as great." In the year 1806, the Whigs unexpectedly

came into power, and Sydney Smith was rewarded with the unenviable gift of the living of Foston-le-Clay in the wilds of Yorkshire. He did not take possession of the parish until the passing of the Residence bill two years after, when he was summoned to assume the duties of the office in person. On making his first visit to reconnoiter the premises, the prospect was not cheering, either morally or physically, for the country was as unpromising as the house. " The clerk, the most important man in the vilage, was summoned; a man who had numbered eighty years, looking, with his long gray hair, his threadbare coat, deep wrinkles, stooping gait, and crutch-stick, more ancient than the parsonage-house. He looked at the new comer for some time from under his gray shaggy eyebrows, and held a long conversation with him, in which the old clerk showed that age had not quenched the natural shrewdness of the Yorkshireman. At last, after a pause, he said, striking his crutch-stick on the ground, 'Muster Smith, it often stroikes moy moind that people as comes frae London is such fools. But ou,' he said (giving him a nudge with his stick), 'I see you are no fool.' "

Some idea of his mode of life in Yorkshire may be gathered from the following descrip-

My father employed himself much in acquiring a knowledge of all rural arts and details of farming, such as baking, brewing, fattening poultry, churning, etc.; talking much to the working people, whose shrewdness and blunt sense delighted him. He al-

etc.: talking much to the working people, whose shrewdness and blunt sense delighted him. He always acquired some information from them, often kindly taking up some old woman returning from market into his gig and learning her history. He said he never found any thing well done in a small household if the master and mistress were ignorant of the mode in which it ought to be done.

He began too on a small scale to exercise his skill in medicine, doing much good among his poor neighbors, though there were often Indicrous circumstances connected with his early medical career. On one occasion, wishing to administer a ball to Peter the Cruel, the greem by mistake gave him two boxes of opium pills in his bran mash, which Peter composedly nunched, boxes and all. My father in dismay, when he heard what had happened, went to look, as he thought, for the last time on his beloved Peter; but soon found, to his great relief, that neither boxes nor pills had produced any visible effects on him. Another time he found all his pigs intoxicated, and, as he declared, grunting "God save the King about the sty," from having eaten some fermented grains which he had ordered for them. Once he administered castoroil to the red cow, in quantities sufficient to have killed a regiment of Christians; but the red cow laughed alive at his skill and bis oil, and went on her way reocicing.

olding.

He rever sat a moment after dinner when alone with He never sat a moment after dinner when alone with his family, having contracted a horror of it from the long sittings i flicted on him in early life by his father; who, dining at three, used to sit till dark, and expect his family to do the same. My father rushed into the opposite extreme; and the cloth was scarcely removed ere he called for his hat and stick, and sallied forth for his evening stroll, in which we always a companied him. Each cow and caif and horse and pig were in turn visited and fed and patted, and all seemed to well come him; he cared for their comforts as he cared for the comforts of every living being around him. He need to say: "I am all for cheap luxuries, even for animals; now all animals have a passion for scratching their bacabones; they break down your gates and imals; now all animals have a passion to screening their bacabones; they break down your gates and palings to effect this. Look! There is my universal scratcher, a sharp-edged pole, resting on a high and a low poet, adapted to every hight, from a horse to a lemb. Even the Edinburgh Reviewer can take his turn; you have no idea how popular it is; I have not had a gate broken since I put it up; I have it in all failed.

casion, he happened to meet Mr. —, whom he always met with pleasure, as he was a man of sense, simplicity, and learning; and with such a total absence, not only of humor in himself, but in his perception of it in others, as made him an amusing subject of speculation to my father.

The conversation at dinner took a liberal turn. My father, in the full career of his spirits, happened to asy, "Though he was not generally considered an illiberal man, yet he must confess he had one little weakness, one secret wish—he should like to roast a Quaker."

"Good beavens, Mr. Smith!" said Mr. —, full of horror, "rosst a Quaker!" "Yes, Sir," [with the greatest gravity.] "rosst a Quaker!" "But do you consider, Mr. Smith, the torture!" "Yes, Sir, "said my father, "I have considered everything; it may be wong, as you say: the Quaker would undoubtedly suffer acutely, but every one has his tasles—mine would be to rosst a Quaker: one would satisfy me, only occibut it is one of those peculiarities I have striven against in vain, and I hope you will pardon my weakness."

Mr. — 's honest simplicity could stand this no longer, and he seemed hardly able to sit at table with him. The whole company were in roars of laughter at the scene; but neither this, nor the mirth and mischief sparkling in my father's eye, enlightened him in the least, for a joke was a thing of which he had no conception. At last my father, seeing that he was giving real pain, said, "Come, come, Mr. —, since you think this so very liliberal, I must be wrong; and will give up my roasied Quaker rather than your esteem; think this so very lifteral, I must be wrong; and will give up my rossied Quaker rather than your esseem; let us drink while together." Peace was made, but I believe neither time nor explanation would have ever made him comprehend that it was a joke.

Though it was the general habit in Yorkshire to make visits of two or three days at the houses in the neighborhood, yet not unfrequently invitations to dinner only came, and sometimes to a house at a considerable distance.

"Did you ever dire out in the country? said my father: "what misery human beings inflict on each

"Did you ever dine out in the country? said my father; "what misery human beings inflict on each other under the name of pleasure! We went to due last Thursday with Mr. —, a neighboring elergyman, a hannet of venison being the stimuns to the invitation. We set out at five o'clock, drove in a broiling an on dusty roads three miles in our best gowns, fount Squire and parsons assembled in a small hot room, the whole house redoient of frying; talked, as is our wort, of roads, weather, and turnips; that done, began to grow hungry, then serious, them impatient. At last a stripling, evidently caught up for the occasion, opened the door and beckoned our host out of the room. After some some moments of awful susthe room. After some some moments of awful sus-pense, he returned to us with a face of much distress, saving, 'the woman assisting in the kitchen had mis-taken the some for dirty water, and had thrown it away, so we must do without it;' we all agreed it was pere must do without it; we all agreed it was per as well we should under the circu ustances. A hast to our joy, dinner was announced; but oh, ye gods! as we entered the diring room what a gale met our nose! the venison was high, the venison was uncatable, and was obliged to follow the soup with all

Dinner proceeded, but our spirits flagged under these accumulated misfortunes: there was an ominous parse between the first and second course; we looked each other in the face—what new disaster awaited us? the panse became fearful. At last the door burst open, and the boy rushed in, calling out aloud, 'Please, Sir, has Betty any right to leather!!' What human grav-ty could stand this! We roared with laughter; all took part against Betty, obtained the second course with some officulty, bored each other the usual time, ordered our carriages, expecting our post-boys to be drunk, and were grateful to Providence for not per-mitting them to deposit us in a wet ditch. So much for dinners in the country!"

The account of his life in Yorkshire is filled with amusing incidents, but we must not delay our narrative by any further quotations from this part of his biography. In 1828, he was presented by Lord Lyndhurst with a prebendal stall in Bristel, and soon after removed his residence to a beautiful rural living called Combe Flory, connected with that office. His promotion in the Church was a step in life which added very materially to his happiness. "Moralists tell you," said he, "of the evils of wealth and stati n, and the happiness of poverty. I have been very poor the greatest part of my life, and have borne it as well, I believe, as most people, but I can safely say that I have been happier every guinea I have gained. I well remember, when Mrs. Sydney and I were young, in London, with no other equipage than my umbrella, when we went out to dinner in a backney coach (a vehicle, by the by, now become almost matter of history), when the rattling step was let down and the proud, powdered red-plushes grinned, and her gown was fringed with straw, how the iron entered into my soul."

In 1832 he was appointed by Lord Grey to a prebendal stall at St. Paul's, London, in exchange for the one of inferior value he held at Bristol. Here his life passed on with no extraordinary event to disturb its equable and genial course, till in the enjoyment of a beautiful old age and in possession of all his faculties, he gradually approached the hour of departure and quietly breathed his last at the age of seventyfour, in the year 1845.

The witty sayings of Sydney Smith have been so much bandied about as almost to have become proverbial, but we will not close this notice without recalling a few of the "brilliants" that are scattered throughout the volumes in dazzling profusion.

The following are some fragments of my father's conversation in London:

Some one asket if the Bishop of \_\_\_\_\_ was going to marry. "Perhaps he may," said my father; "yet how can a bishop marry! How can he firt! The most he can say is, 'I will see you in the vestry after

An argument arose, in which my father observed An argument arose, in which my father observed how many of the most eminent men of the world had been diminutive in person, and after naming several among the sucients, he added, "Why, look there, at Jeffrey; and there is my little friend — who has not body enough to cover his mind decently with; his

intellect is improperly exposed."

"When I took my Yorkshire servants into Somersetshire, I found that they thought making a drink out of apples was a tempting of Providence, who had intended barley to be the only natural material of in-

We naturally lose illusions as we get older, like

"We naturally lose inusions as we get outer, have teeth, but there is no Cartwright to fit a new set into our understandings. I have, alas! only one illusion left, and that is the Archbishop of Canterbury."

"The charm of Lendon is that you are never glad or sorry for ten minutes together; in the country you are the one and the other for weeks."

or serry for ten immate together, in the country you are the one and the other for weeks.

"There is a New-Zealand attorney arrived in London, with 6s. ed. tattooed all ever his face."

"Yes, he has spent all his life in letting down empty buckets into empty wells; and he is frittering away his age in trying to draw them up again."

"If you masthead a sailor for not doing his duty, why should you not weathercock a parisinoner for refusing to pay tithes!"

"How is —!" "He is not very well." "Why, what is the matter!" "Oh, don't you know he has produced a couplet! When our friend is delivered of a couplet, with in finite labor and pain, he takes to his bed, has straw laid down, the knocker tied up, expects a conjet, with it finite labor and pain, he takes to his bed, has straw laid down, the knocker tied up, expects his friends to call and make inquiries, and the answer at the door invariably is, 'Mr. —————and his little couplet are as well as can be expected.' When he produces an Alexandrine he keeps his bed a daylonger.'

"When I praised the author of the New Poor Law the other day, three gentlemen at table took it to themselves, and blushed up to the eyes."

"Yes! you find people ready chough to do the Samaritan without the oil and twopence."

maritan without the oil and twopence

it is a great proof of shyness to erumble bread at mer. 'Oh, I see you are afraid of me:' (turning to a young lady who sat by him, 'you crumble bread.' I do it when I at by the Bishop of Lo and with both hands when I sit by the Archbishop."

I think it was Luttrell who used to say 's face always reminded him of boiled mutton and near

"I fully intended going to America, but my parish-ioners held a meeting and came to a resolution toat they could not trust me with the canvas-back ducks; and I felt they were right, so gave up the project."
"My living in Yorkshire was so far out of the way

"My living in Yorkshire was so far out of the way
that it was actually twelve miles from a lemon."
Conversing in the evening with a small circle, round
Miss Berry's tea-table (who, though far advanced toward the four-score years and ten which she afterward
attained, was still remarkable for her vigor of mind
and beauty of person,) my father observed the ectrance of a no less remarkable person, both for talents
and ward dressed in a beautyful crimson velvet gown; The companionable elergyman is not long in finding out the social capabilities of his situation.

My father had by this time made a considerable acquaintance in and round York. Dining out on ope oc-

my hands off you; I shall be preaching on you, I fear," etc., and played with the subject to the infinite ampsement of his old friend and the little circle assembled round her. fair was certainly the most delightful philo-

"Playfair was certainly the most delightful philo-math I ever knew."

"Have you heard of Niebuhr's discoveries? All Boman history reversed: Tarquin turning out an excellent family man, and Lucretia a very doubtful character, whom Lady — would not have visited.

"Danie! Webster struck me much like a steam-en-

"When I began to thump the cushion of my pul pit, on first coming to Foston, as as my want when I preach, the accumulated dust of a hundred and fifty years made such a cloud that for some minutes I lost

sight of my congregation."

Nothing amuses me more than to observe the utter want of perception of a joke in some minds. Mrs. Jackson called the other day and spoke of the objective heat of last week. Heat, ma am! I said; it was so dreadful here that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones. The offerent seals and sit in my bones. Take off your flesh and sit in your bonnes, Sir! Oh, Mr Smith! how could you do that!" she exclaimed, with the utmost gravity. 'Nothing more easy, ma'am; come and see next time.' But she ordered her carriage, and evidently thought it a very unortho-

her carriage, and evidently thought it a very anorthodex proceeding.

"Miss — , too, the other day, walking round the
grounds at Combe Florey, exclaimed, 'Oh why do
you chain up that fine Newfoundland dog, Mr. Smith!'
Because it has a passion for breakfasting on parish
boys.' 'Parish boys!' she exclaimed, 'does he really
eat boys, Mr. Smith!' 'Yee, he devours them, buttors and all.' Her face of borror made me die of
lanching."

A most curious instance of this slow perception of humer occurred once in Brook-street, where a gentle-man of some rank dined at our house, with a large party, of which my father and Mr. Luttrell formed a party, of which my father and Mr. Luttrell formed a portion. My father was in high spirits and in one of his happiest veins, and much brilliant conversation passed around from Mr. Luttrell and others. Mr.—sat through it all with the utmost gravity. This seemed only to stimulate my father, who became more and more brilliant, till the table was in a perfect roar of laughter. The rervants even, forgetting all decorum, were obliged to turn away to concoal their mirth. Mr.—alone sat utmoved, and gazing with solemn wonder at the scene around. Luttrell was so struck by this that he said "Mr.—was a natural phenomenon whom he must observe;" so letting the side-dishes pers by, he took out his eye-glass to watch. At last my father accidentally struck out a subject (which for social reasons I must not give, though it was inimitable.) which touched she right spring, and he could rea at no longer, but actually laughed out. Luttrell shouted vice ory in my ear, and resumed his worted attention to the dinner, saying he had never witnessed so curious a scene.

wonted attention to the dinner, saying he had never witnessed so curious a scene.

The conversation turned upon pictures. "I like pictures, without knowing anything about them; but I hate coxcombery in the fine arts as well as in anything clee. I got into dreadful disgrace with Sir G. B. once, who, standing before a picture at Bowcod, exclaimed, turning to me. 'Immense breadth of hight and shade!' I innocently said. 'Yee; about an inch and a haif.' He gave me a look that ought to have killed me."

Some one streshing of the utility of a measure, and

gave me a look that ought to have killed me."

Some one speaking of the utility of a measure, and quoting—'s opinion: "Yes, he is of the utilitarian school. That man is so hard you might drive a broadwheeled wagon over him and it would produce no impression; if you were to hore holes in him with a gimlet, I am convinced sawdust would come out of him. That school treat mankind as if they were mere machines; the feelings or affections never enter into their calculations. It everything is to be sa rificed to utility, why do you bury your grandmother at all? why don't you cut ber into small pieces at once and make portable soup of her?

you cat her into small pieces at once and make portable soup of her?

"By the by, talking of portable soup, my great neighbor, Lord D.—, found it necessary to look a little into his establishment; and the first discovery he made was that his cook had for some years been contracting to furnish the navy with portable soup, not made of grandauthers, but at his expense.

"Or ce, when talking with Lord — on the subject of Bible names, I could not remember the name of one of Job's daughters. 'Kezia,' said he immediately. Surprised, I congratulated him upon being so well read in Bible lore. 'Oh!' said he, 'my three greybounds are named after Job's daughters.

"Ah!' said my father, on taking us round his farm, "you will find it is a formidable undertaking to visit an improver; we spare you nothing, from the garret to the jig sty. It is like a Frenchman's explanation; they never give you credit for knowing the common-

to the rig sty. It is like a Frenchman's explanation, they never give you credit for knowing the common-est facts. C'est toujours, 'Commençons au délage.' My heart sinks when a Frenchman begins, 'Mon ami, je vais vous expliquer tout cela.' A fellow-traveier once explained to me how to cut a sandwich, all the way from Amieus to Paris.'

On some of his guests lamenting they had left something behind: "Ah," he said, "that would not have

thing behind: "Ah," he said, "that would not have happened if you had had a screaming gate." "A screaning gate! what do you mean, Mr. Smith!" "Yes, everybody should have a screaming gate. We all arrived once at a friend's house just before dinner, hot, tired, and dusty—a large party assembled—and found all the keys of our trunks had been left behind; since then I have established a screaming gate. We never set out on our journey now without stopping at a gate about ten minutes' distance from the house, to consider what we have left behind. The result has been excellent."

"Nothing is so tiresome to me as a person who is always talking Phoebuses; I prefer plain, honest dull-

always talking Photbuses; I preier plant, houses dunces a thousand times."

"Talking of absence: 'The oddest instance of absence of mind happened to me once in forgetting my own name. I knocked at a door in London; asked, "Is Mrs. E.— at home!" "Yes, Sir; pray what name shall I say!" I looked in the man's face astonished—what name? what name? ay, that is the question; what is my name! I believe the man thought me mad; but it is literally true that during the space of two or three minutes I had no more idea who I was than if I had never existed. I did not know whether I was a Diesenter or a layman. I felt as dull as Sternhold and Hepkins. At last, to my great relief, it flashed across me that I was Sydney Smith.

"I heard of a clergyman who went jozging along the read till he came to a turnpike. "What is to

the road till he came to a turnpike. "What is to pay!" "Pay, Sir! for what!" asked the turnpikeman. "Why, for my hoise, to be sure." Your horse, Sir! what horse! Here is no horse, Sir." "No horse! Gad bless me!" said he suddenly, leoking down between his leas, "I thought I was on-horsehak!"

Lord Dudley was one of the most absent men I think I ever met in society. One day he met me in the street and invited me to meet myself. "Dine with me to day, dine with me, and I will get Sydney Smith to meet you." I admitted the temptation he held out to me, but said I was engaged to meet him elsewhere. Another time, on meeting me, he turned back, put his arm through soine, muttering, "I don't mind walking with him a little way: I'll walk with him as far as the end of the street." As we proceeded together, W. passed. "That is the villain!" exclaimed he, " passed. "That is the villain!" exclaimed he, "who helped me yesterday to asparagus and gave me no toast." He very nearly overset my gravity once in the pulpit. He was sitting immediately under me, apparently very attentive, when suddenly he took up his stick, as if he had been in the House of Commons, and tapping on the ground with it, cried out in a low but very audible whisper, "Hear, hear, hear!"

"A helphoring source called on me the other day,

very audible whisper, "Hear, hear, hear?"

"A neighboring squire called on me the other day, and informed me he had been reading a delightful book. The fact of his having any literary pursuits at all was equally agreeable and surprising to me, and I inquired the subject of his studies. "Oh!" said he, "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments, I have just got it, and I advise you to read it. I assure you, Mr. Smith, you will find it a most amusing book." I thanked him, cordially agreed with him, but ventured to suggest that the book was not entirely unknown to me. known to me.

The position of Sydney Smith among the men of his century may be stated in a few words. Measured by the extent of his influence, he would be counted among the great men of the age; judged by the quality of his endowments, or the character of his productions, he would probably fall several degrees below that standard. He had the gift of original creation but to a comparatively slight extent. In the whole compass of his writings we find none of those flashes of inspiration, those sallies of novel and suggestive thought, which form a new epoch in the experience of the reader, and leave their brightness upon his consciousness forever. Old thoughts he presented in new aspects, enforced them by the freshness and pungency of his illustrations, and applied them to current affairs, with an urgent vehemence that had often the effect of orginality.

The leading trait of his intellect was vigorous common-sense. He was an admirable master of secular wisdom. He belonged essentially to this world, and he seized upon its relations with a grasp of unrivalled potency. Never was a healthier mind manifested in a happier physical organization. His intellectual character might be described by Charles Lamb's expressive phrase, "the sanity of genine"-only the "sanity" was exuberant, while the "genius" was deficient. Cant, humbeg, hypocrisy, pre-

tense, affectation, in any form and shape, he bated with a large and wholesome batred. He had taken the oath of Hannibal against every exhibition of the fantastic, the artificial, the unreal. He was not the man to explore any unknown serial region in a balloon-neither did he lament that angel's wings did not grow upon his athletic shoulders-but he planted both feet firmly on the solid earth, from which be drew all the strength and joy that was adopted to his temperament. With this singular destitution of the ideal, his vision in the sphere of actuality was keen and searching. It was remarkable for acuteness rather than breadth, and at an elevation above the horizon would have been lost in bewilderment.

This substantial basis of common sense formed an admirable support for the power of humorous illustration with which he was so generously endowed. His overflowing humor thus often took on the character of genuine wit, though it was by no means always entitled to be reckoned in that category. Many of his sayings, as has been seen from our quotations, are merely the escapades of a rollicking, almost juvenile fun; but at times they show a fine, subtle perception of the relations of thought which stamps them with the indisputable signs of wit. We may remark, to his credit, that he rarely indulged in the wicked practice of punning-almost the only example of that bastard tribe recorded against him being the expression that he was of the "grey-men-ivorous order," when speaking of his attachment to the family of Earl Grey. His mind reveled in the combination of ludicrous images and comparisons. With no appearance of effort they flowed forth as freely and abundantly as the inexhaustible pieces of many-colored ribben from the mouth of the " Great Wfzard." He turned this gift to excellent account in his political controversies. He thus often gained a triumph by "piercing with the point of a dark what could not have been beat down by a club." Brilliant as were the mental endowments of

Sydney Smith, they grow dim when compared with the pure luster of his moral characteristics. His transparent integrity strengthened and irradiated his gifts of intellect. He was a man of thorough honesty of purpose and conduct. He valued the truth more than place, preferment, or power. During almost the whole of his life, he was the strenuous advocate of an unpopular cause. He dared to call things by their right names, in spite of prescription, or custom, or aristocratic illusions. Connected with this robustness of principle, was the most tolerant and genial disposition in all social relations. He certainly had nothing of the virtuous severity which is often mistaken for purity of conscience. A mild tincture of philosophical Epicureanism, gave the tone to his practical views of life; and this was adhered to with remarkable consistency, through all the changes of his outward experience. Compared with his feliow-laborers in the Edinburgh Review, which after all must be regarded as the great theater of his fame, he was less versatile and more disinterested than Jeffrey, with greater sincerity than Brougham and not a particle of his pedantry, superior to Horner in vivacity as he was his inferior in culture, with far more natural shrewdness and clearness of perception than Mackintosh, though without either his metaphysical learning or acumen, and if we may here allude to his compatriots of a more recent day, surpassed by Macaulay in extent and variety of erudition, and by Carlyle in original splendor of genius, he rivalled the one in piquancy of liustration, and the other in the adaptation of wisdom to the common mind.

## FROM FORT RILEY.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune. LEAVENWORTH CITY, K. T., Aug. 5, 1855.

Our town has just been thrown into great excitement by news of the ravages of cholers at Fort Riley. Maj. Ogden (commanding officer at the fort) dispatched a messenger on Wedgesday last, stating that his men were dying off by dozens daily; that he and all the other officers were almost worn out by their exertions in taking care of the sick. And in addition to this calamity seven of the newly-erected buildings had been struck by lightning and almost

demolished, killing eleven men Yesterday another messenger arrived with dispatches to Col.Sumner at Fort Leavenworth stating that Maj. Ogden was attacked with the disease, that Maj. Ogden was attached with the disease, which was assuming its most fatal character, proving fatal in many cases in thirty minutes. Mr. Danton of this city, brother-in-law of Maj. Ogden, left here at 6 o'clock last evening for Fort Riley, taking with him Dr. Phillips. Some forty miles on the road they met Sergt. Long with dispatches containing news of the death of Maj. Ogden and many others. The wife, four children and servant girl of Maj. Woods died within one hour from the time the first was attacked. Mr. P. found Sergt. Long at the road-side perfectly exhausted, having ridden down three horses, after being up several days and nights taking care of the sick. Sergt. L. represents officers at the Fort in the worst condition imaginable. None were found willing to bury the dead. Dr. Simmons and all the ladies of the garrison had fled. The chaplain was the only officer left alive, and the soldiers scattered in every direc-

works at Fort Riley, was having much trouble with the hands employed by the Government, who had broken into the store-rooms, seized the liquors, and were, at the time of the messenger's leaving, endeavoring to get hold of the Government funds.
A detachment of treops left Fort Leaven worth today, and home to see the control of the co day, and hope to reach Riley in time to prevent

further outrages by the mob. Maj. Ogden leaves a wife and four children (at present living at New-Haven, Conn...) to mourn his loss. He was one who might be called a bright ornament to any society-was an accomplished, chivalrous officer and thorough-bred gentleman, whose loss will be keenly felt by all who knew him.

I have given you the facts just as represented by the dispatches and messengers. Yet we hope it s not as bad as represented.

Much cholera prevails among the Mormon emi-grants and Mexican traders on the plains, but at present none on the Missouri River. Yours in haste,

A FAMILY POISONED BY TOADSTOOLS. Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune. WEEDSPORT, Cayuga Co., Aug. 12, 1855.

The following sad affair happened near this village last week: The family of Mr. Harvey Daniels, consisting of himself, wife and two children, a son and daughter, in passing home from Church last Sabbath, August 5, stopped by the way at the solicitation of the young girl, to procure some mushrooms for soup at supper. A sufficient quantity being procured, were prepared for eating, and the family sat down and partook very heartily of them, excepting the little boy, who not liking the soup, refused to partake with the rest. Monday morning found them all very sick (excepting the boy) and in a helpless and precarious state. Physicians were called, who did everything lip their power for their recovery, with but partial success, for on Wednesday the little girl died in terrible fits and convulsions. The parents are lying in a very precarious state, though hopes are entertained of their recovery. It seems that the family had mistaken a poisonous species of toad stool for the hind of mushrooms commonly caten.